

**THE  
END OF P—  
S P E E C H  
TO THE  
House of Peers ;  
When the *Lords* were accused of High-Treason.**

*Copia Vera*. Mich. Oldisworth. 1547.

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Y  
O u know I seldom make Speeches ; yet ( my  
Lords ) Every thing would fail live ; and now  
I must either find a Tongue, or lose my Head.  
I am acculped for sitting here when your Lordships fled  
to the Army : Alas, my Lords, I am an Old Man, I  
cannot fit ; you may ride or run any whither ; but I am  
an Old Man. You Voted them Traitors who left the  
Monse, and went to York : they told us then, they were  
bore'd away by Turmules : Do not you say so too ? Were  
they Traitors for going, and am I a Traitor for stay-  
ing ? 's Death, my Lords, what should you have me do ?  
Hereafter I'll neither go nor stay. I have servd you  
ever  
~~ever~~  
a Thanksgiving Dinner, for which you had  
once a Month ? I was fed like a Prince at the King's  
Cost, twice every day, long before some of you were  
born ; and this King continu'd, nay, out-did his Father  
In heaping Favours upon me, yet (for your sakes) I  
Renounc'd my Master when he had most need of me,  
Voted against him, Swore against him, hired Men to  
fight against him ; I confess I my self never struck at  
him, nor shot at him, but I pray'd for thole that did :  
I gave my Tenants their Leaves Fine free, if they  
would rise and resist the King ; and yet, my Lords, af-  
ter all this must I be a Traitor ? Have not I sworn for  
you over and over again ? You sent me on your Er-  
rands to Oxford, to Uxbridge, to Newcastle, to Hol-  
denby, you hurried me up and down as if I had been  
a King ; you made me carry a world of Propositions ;  
I brought them all safe and sound ; what you bid me  
say, I speake to a fisible ; and had the King ask'd me  
how old I was, without your Commission I shoud not  
have told him ; and yet, my Lords, I am an Old Man.  
Remember how I stuck to you against Strafford and  
Canterbury ; some of you shrank at Strafford's Tryal,  
so that your Names were like to be posted for Malig-  
nians ; and for Canterbury, many of you would have  
had him live : My Lord of Northumberland and others  
would have no hand in his Blood ; but I gave you the  
casting Voice that sent him packing into another World,  
and yet now would you send me after him ? Have I  
not sat with you early and late ? When the Parliament  
rumbl'd and tois'd, and roll'd it self on this side  
on that side, still I was for the Parliament. Tho' I  
stayed here with Presbyterian Lords, yet when you re-  
turn'd I was thun to you. All the other Lords left  
you in the Houle, when Sir Ibo. Chapple gave Thanks  
for your Return : but I stayed and pray'd with you,  
and am (for ought I know) as great an Independent  
as any of you all. I Rejoyc'd with you, Fasted, Sung

PSALMS. Pray'd with you, and hereafter will run a-  
way with you: Nay, I had done it now; but who  
knew your minds? If you meant I should follow you,  
why did you not wak upon me; think you I could  
run away by Instinct? My Lords, you know I love  
Dogs, and (tho' I say it) I thank God I have as good  
Dogs as any Man in England. Now, my Lords, if a  
Dog follow me when I do not call him, I bid him go;  
if I call him, and he comes not, then I beat him;  
but if I beat him for not coming, when I never call'd  
him, you'll think me mad: 's Death, my Lords, I'm  
a poor fellow, & not worth the Whistling.

But perhaps my Fault is not mere Slavery here, but  
more, I have in your Absence; because in my Relation  
to you, & I throw the up my Father, the Good  
good new Speaker. Why, what if I did? Is not Mr.  
William my own Cousin; would your Lordships leave  
me uncivil to my Kindred? Why might not I enter-  
tain the new Speaker, as well as Sir Robert Harley en-  
trust us to admit him? Mr. Pittam is none of Sir Ro-  
bert's Cousin, and yet Sir Robert is an Old Man.

I hear, some lay that I was forward to begin a new War: That my Mind is to all the Warrants for Lifting Men and Horse, and in order theremunto I Voted His Majesty should come to London. 'Tis true, my Lords, I did give my Vote for the King's coming further; but, wherefore was it? 'Twas only to choose a new Speaker. What, would ye have us dumb, and sit here like Ferrets; my Lords, I love to hear Men speak; and all the Lawyers told me, *No King, no Speaker*; That either the Commons must name their Speaker, and the King approve him; or the King names him, and the Commons approve him. *No King, no Speaker*: And so I was for the King, that is, for the Speaker.

Then ( my Lords ) observe the manner of his coming: The King was to come according to the Covenant; mark ye that. I was still for my Oath: Let him come when he will, if the Covenant fetch him, he had as good stay away: And yet Men cry shame on the Covenant: Those that took it, cast it up again: and those that rebuke it, have given a world of Alibiments that it is unreasonable; which Reasons our Assembly ( like a Company of Rascals ) never yet answer'd. I know, my Lords, many of our Friends never took this Oath: but they refus'd it out of their Conscience: Shall Malignants Conscience be as tender as ours? Why, what do they think our Consciences are made of? But, my Lord, suppose this Oath be unreasonable: Can we do nothing, but we must give Reasons for't? Thus it as bad at the House of Com.

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mons; who, when we deny to pass any Ordinances, presently send to know our Reasons, tho' themselves give no Reasons, for demanding ours. And so Malignants would have Reasonable Oaths, only here's the difference; the House of Commons do use to demand Reasons, now I hold the Government is extreamly unable for any one Malignant to save their Estates, so we give it to make them lose their Estates. We love the Estates and both hate the Covenanter. Thus, Lords we have Reason for this oath, and your Lordships have no reason to make me a Traitor, whilst I give my Vote according to Covenant.

As for Signing Warrants to raise a new Army, I wonder you'll speak of it. Have not you all done it a hundred times? How many Reams of Paper have we subscrib'd to raise Forces for you and Parliament? 'Tis well known I can scarce write two words besides my Name: Can't a Man write his own Name, without losing his Head? If I must give Account for what I set my Hand to, Lord have mercy upon me. I see now my Grandfather was a wise Man, he could neither write nor read, and happy for me were I so too. Come come, my Lords, be plain, and tell me, Do I look like one that would raise a new War? I must confess, I love a good Army, but if there be none till I raise it, Soldiers of Fortune may change there names. No, my Lords, 'twas not I, 'twas the Eleven Members would have raised a War. You see they were guilty, by their Running away, I neither ran with them, nor will you. I don't like this running away, I love to stay by it: And whether was for War, I that stay in Town, or you that went to an Army. The Devil a Home did I list, but in my new Coach, not used any Horses, but my Collar of SS; and will you for this chape mean the Tower? You sent me thither six Years since, but for handling a Standish, and now you'll commit me for writing my Name. What, my Lords, do you hate Leaving? Can you not end nor begin a Parliament without leading me to the the Tower? Do your Lordships mean to make me a Lord? say you? If I needs must go, pray send me home to ~~London~~ <sup>the</sup> Castle or Durham Castle. A drummable Offense to drive Malignants out of London. But why to the Tower? Am I Company for Lyons? Do you think me a Catamountain, fit to be flewn thro' a Grate for two Pence? No, my Lords, keep the Tower for Malignants, they can endure it; some of them have been Prisoners seven Years, they can live upon the Allegiance, please themselves with Discourses of Conscience, of Honour, of a Righteous Cause, and I know not what, but what's this to me? How will these Malignants look upon me, Nay, how shall I look upon them? I confess some of them love my Son's Company, they say he's more a Gentleman and has Wit: 'Death my Lords must I turn Gentleman?' I thought I had been a Peer of the Realm; and am I now a Gentleman? Let my Son keep his Wit, his poor Father never got two pence by his Wit. Alas, my Lords, what hurt can I do you? Or what good will it do you to have my Head? I am but a Ward; my Lord Say hath dispoled of me this seven Years: I am no Lawyer tho' the Lawlers call me Cousin; I am no Scholar, tho' I have been their Chancellor;

I am no Statesman, tho' I was a Privy Councillor. I know not what you mean by the Three Estates: Last March, Army demanded a Release for Lilburn, Musgrave and Denham, I thought they had been the three. I thank God I have a good Estate of my own, and I have the Estates of my Lord Banbury's Children, and I have my Lord of Carnarvan's Estate, these are my Three Estates. And yet, my Lord, me I to the Tower Consider, we are but a few men left; come, let us love and be kind to one another: The Cavaliers quarrell'd among themselves, beat one another, and kill all; let us be wiser, my Lords; for had we fallen into their Condition, my Conscience tells me we had look'd most wofully.

I perceive, your Lordships begin better of me; and you would quine me, if I were not charg'd by the Agitators and General Council of the Army. How, Agitator, death, what that? Who ever heard that word before? I understand Clerical, Provincial, Congregational, National; but for Agitator, it may (for ought I know) be a Knaue not worth three Pence. If Agitators be Notablemen, you'll find the Devil has been an Agitator. As for the General Council, I hate the name of it, 'tis old and naught, and used to be full of Bluffe: Thole Fellows have troubl'd us ever since the Rumpes time; I thought we had made them poor enough, and is their Name come again to torment me? My Lords, I understand not these General Councils; those of old (they say) where Christness, and these are Independents: What a damnable deal of Generals is here? General, Assembly General of the Army, General Council of the Army; we never had a quiet hour since we had so many Generals. Well, my Lords, these are hard Times, and we make them worse with hard Words, which neither we nor our Forefathers understood before Bishops went Fare Divinas then Elders would sayne Divinas; and now Agitators would be Fare Divinas: (Dam me) I think nothing Fare Divinas but God. Call you this a thorough Reformation? My Lords, if I had power, I might Rule the Kingdom, why are not we our selves Agitators? Why not, if I make Oldsmorke ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, than we Agitators? His Abilities and Honesty are equal to none of em: But we ought to be Agitators, Will soon be Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, than we Agitators. For the Parliament leads the People the Army, and the Parliament, Cromwell leads Sir Thomas Irons, and even leads Cromwell; Agitators will lead Irons; whether the Devil shall we all be led at last?

My Lords, you see I have spoke my mind: I hope every Weak some of your Lordships will do the like; and the Commons in this (tho' in nothing else) will follow the House of Peers.

But I have done I have done, my Lord; remember, I beseech you, that I am an Old Man: I have been a Grandfather time out of mind, (for I was so when this Parliament began) and now must I be sold for Agitators? O my Lord, I have used the King so ill, and he lov'd me so well; and I have serv'd you so well, and you use me so ill, that no Man is sorry for me. Therefore my Request is, That you would not think of sending me to the Tower, till some-body pities me.

LONDON,

Printed and Sold by the Printers of London, and Westminster.

